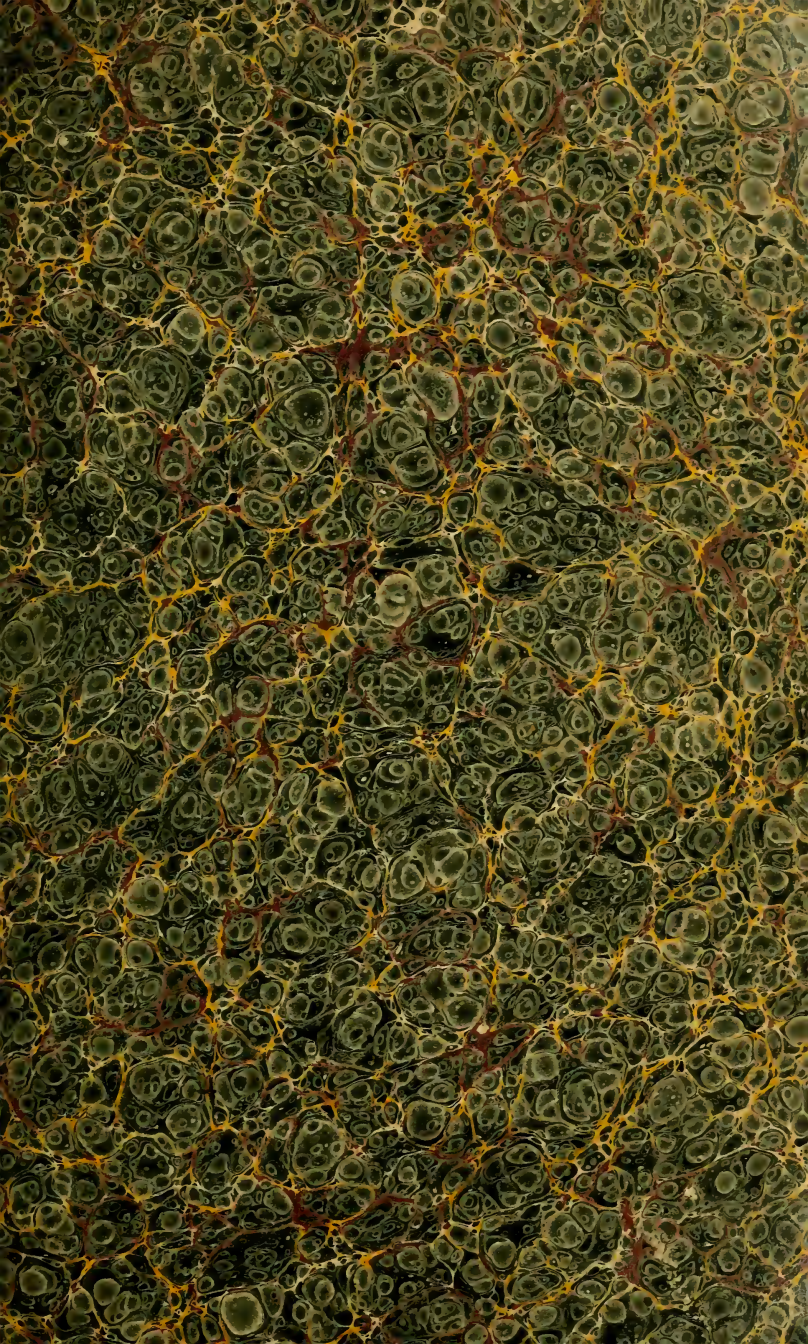


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HARDYKNUITE

A

FRAGMENT

OF AN

ANTIENT SCOTS POEM.

GLASGOW,

Printed and sold by ROBERT FOULIS. 1748.

[Price Four-pence.]

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*From Mr. Neal of Edinburgh
December 20th 1764.*

HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa,
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
 With skerfs fevin zeirs of rest.
 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
 Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deidly fae.

II.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to se,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.
His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
For chaste and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene.

III.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout;
In blidder ficht with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land:

Hie

Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister fast and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,
And gowden glift her hair.

Quhat wæfou wae hir bewtie bred?

Wæfou to zung and auld,
Wæfou I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norfe in summer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht:

The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

“ To horse, to horse, my ryal liege,
 “ Zour faes stand on the strand,
 “ Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 “ The king of Norse commands.
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
 Our gude king raise and cryd,
 A trustier beast in all the land
 A Scots king nevir seyde.

VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,

To

To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haste and follow me.

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his masters arm,
Cum down, cum down lord Hardyknute,
And rid zour king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grow his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do;
He hes tane a horn as grene as glafs,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
Had past that summers morn,
Quhen lo down in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir founds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde ;
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his fyde.

X.

Late late the zefstrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned lyfe,
My age micht weil excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe ;
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to intrall,

Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 He feard to ficht or fall.

XI.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows schute fae leil,
 Mony a comely countenance
 They haif turnd to deidly pale:
 Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,
 Ze neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
 Gainst Westmorlands ferfs heir.

XII.

Malcom, licht of fute as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands thrie of men
 Well bred to sword and schield:

Bring me my horse and harness
 My blade of mettall cleir.

If faes kend but the hand it bare,

They sune had fled for feir.

XIII.

Fareweil my dame sae peirless gude,

And tuke hir by the hand,

Fairer to me in age zou seim,

Than maids for bewtie famd:

My zoungest son fall here remain

To guard these stately towirs,

And shut the silver bolt that keips,

Sae fast zour painted bowirs.

XIV.

And first scho wet hir comely cheiks,

And then hir boddice grene,

Hir

Hir filken cords of twirtle twist,
Weil plett with silver schene;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark fae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ze may gues,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false gyles;
Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans smyles.

XVI.

XVI.

Sr knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,

To lean on filken feat,

My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,

Quha neir kend deidly hate;

Hir self wald watch ze all the day,

Hir maids a deid of nicht;

And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,

As scho stands in zour sicht.

XVII.

Aryse zouting knicht, and mount zour steid,

Full lowns the shynand day,

Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis

To leid ze on the way.

With smylefs luke, and visage wan

The wounded knicht replyd,

Kind

Kynd chiftain, zour intent purfue,

For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor nicht,

Can eir be fweit or fair,

But fune beneath fum draping tree,

Cauld death fall end my care.

With him nae pleiding nicht prevail,

Brave Hardyknute in to gain,

With faireft words and reafon ftrong,

Strave courteoufly in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,

Lord Chattans land fae wyde,

That lord a worthy wicht was ay,

Quhen faes his courage feyd:

Of Pictish race by mothers syde,
 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
 Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,
 He reicht a ryfing heicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norfs menzie lay in ficht;
 Zonder my valiant sons and ferfs,
 Our raging revers wait
 On the unconquerit Scottish fwaird
 To try with us thair fate.

XXI.

Mak orifons to him that saift
 Our fauls upon the rude,

Sync

Syne braifly schaw' zour veins ar filld

With Caledonian blude.

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,

Quhyle thoufands all arround,

Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,

And loud the bougills found.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill

In haft his merch he made,

Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit

Afore him stately strade.

Thryse welcum valziant stoup of weir,

Thy nations scheild and pryde;

Thy king nae reason has to feir

Quhen thou art be his fyde.

XXIII.

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy, bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that findle bruikd
 The war that luikt lyke play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows feimt but delay:
 Quoth noble Rothsay, myne I'll keip,
 I wate its bled a score.

Haft

Hast up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
With him to mense the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midst betwene his ene.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothfays heir,
Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
The strength and sharpness of my dart;
Then sent it throuch his syde:

(Another arrow weil he markd,
It perfit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the filver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

XXVII.

Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids.
Again with micht he drew
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now quene Elgreid,
Hie dames too wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
(Of gold weil was it twynd,

Knit

Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk

His steilly harnes shynd)

Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid

Him venge the blude it beirs;

Say, if he face my bended bow,

He fure nae weapon feirs.

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,

Braid shoulder and arms strong,

Cryd, Quhair is Hardyknute sae famd,

And feird at Britains throne:

Tho Britons tremble at his name,

I fune fall make him wail,

That eir my sword was made sae sharp,

Sae fast his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his stout heart coud nae byde,

It lent him zouthfou micht :

I'm Hardyknute this day, he cryd,

To Scotlands king I hecht,

To lay thee law as horses hufe,

My word I mean to keip.

Syne with the first strake eir he strake,

He garrd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawks stard wyld,

He sicht with shame and spyte;

Disgracd is now my far famd arm

That left thee power to stryke:

Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,

It made him doun to stoup,

As

As law as he to ladies usit

In courtly gyse to lout.

XXXII.

Full fune he rais'd his bent body,

His bow he marvelld fair,

Sen blaws till then on him but darrd

As touch of Fairly fair:

Norse ferliet too as fair as he

To se his stately luke,

Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,

Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,

Bauld Thomas did advance,

A sturdy fae with luke enragd

Up towards him did prance;

He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks

The hardy zouth to quell

Quha stude unmufit at his approach

His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

That schort brown shaft sae meanly trimd,

Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,

But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt!

And loud he leuch in jeir.

Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne

This poynt cut schort thair vaunt;

Syne peircd the boisteris bairded cheik,

Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,

His stirrip was nae stay,

Sae

Sae feible hang his unbent knee,

Sure taken he was fey:

Swith on the hardened clay he fell,

Richt far was hard the thud,

But Thomas luikt not as he lay

All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmuvit,

On raid he north the plain,

His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,

Quhen winner ay the fame;

Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,

Coud meise fast luv to bruik,

Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,

Then languid grew his luke.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsom sounds,
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw thair shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples feis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.
Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,

The

The valziant Scots nae Revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie quhair stands a crofs
Set up for monument,
Thoufands full fierce that fummers day
Filld kene waris black intent,
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norfe the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he fpaired,
Sal lateft ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the weftlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy fhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
Wan neir his ftately towir,

His towir that ufd with torches bleise
To thyne fae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel fair he sichd.

XLI.

Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, fay,
Nae answer fits their dreid.

Stand back, my fons, I'll be zour gyde,
But by they past with speid.

XLII.

As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes.
There ceist his brag of weir,

Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,

And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir

He wist not zit with dreid;

Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,

And all the warriour fled.

* * * * *

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